



These are the days when the magnates of the National, the American, and all the various minor leagues are crowding the columns of the newspapers throughout the country with chatter about their sentimental love for the noble game of baseball. The leading men in all the leagues build their "long talks" for the newspapers on the rather fragile foundations of sentiment. Both Spaulding and Freedman, who head the rival factions in the National, base their respective contentions in this many-angled fight for control on their pure and undiluted love for the game. President Ban Johnson of the American league gravely affirmed only yesterday afternoon that he entertained a sincere and lasting regard for the national game, and that he was guided by this feeling in shaping the policy of the important league of which he is the official head and front.

Whitfield and Hickey of the clashing minor leagues in the west, and Pat Powers and Promoter Farrell in the east voice kindred opinions. The result is that at first blush the untutored patron of the game, who gives up his good money at the gate, and who is the real support of baseball through his simple love of the game, is liable to acquire a whole bundle of wrong impressions.

As a cold matter of fact, the big men in professional ball to-day are in the game for the money there is in it. Many of these men are true lovers of baseball, but at the same time the desire for gain and the raw spirit of commercialism are really responsible for the existing muddle.

What is to be the outcome of the present fight in the old league none can foretell. It may be possible that Spaulding has several cards up his sleeve and is only waiting the proper moment to slip them into his hand. It is becoming plainer every day that he had only four of the same suit in his hand when he made his famous declaration in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel last month, but he may know where the fifth club or diamond is located when he wants it. As matters stand at present the National league looks the picture of helplessness. By carrying its affairs into the courts it has tangled itself up so hopelessly that it looks as if only the courts could unravel the tangle, and only those who have had experience know how slowly the courts unravel things.

Working on Baltimore Team.

While John McGraw, the clever baseball diplomat, is at Palm Beach on his honeymoon the officials of the Baltimore club are working out his big scheme to get Keeler, Kelley, and Jennings, the famous players of the Baltimore championship days, back on the Oriole team. Joe Kelley, former captain of the Brooklyn National league team, has entered into an agreement with the Baltimore official. Through his father-in-law, John J. Mahon, a rich politician, he has secured an interest in the club. He will again play left field and probably captain the team. When McGraw is too busy with his interests in Baltimore, Kelley will likely manage the team on the road.

Is a Successful Manager.

Frank Donnelly, who was one of "Uncle" Anson's pitchers about seven



FRANK DONNELLY

or eight years ago, when Anson managed the Chicago team, is blossoming out as a successful manager. Last season he captained the Matthews team in the Western association; the coming season he will manage the Rock Island team of the Three Eyes league.

Clash for Comiskey's Champions.

The American league is in danger of suffering from the same distress that hurt the National league in 1892 and 1900—that of one team making a runaway race of the pennant. Brooklyn walked away with the championship during the two years named, and

interest in the race declined so rapidly that the death of professional baseball was predicted. Luckily for the league, several of the Brooklyn stars deserted, weakening the Brooklyn so that Pittsburg was enabled to wrest the pennant away from Hanlon. In the American league, the Chicago White Stockings have captured the pennant twice in succession, and, from present indications, they will have a cinch in 1902.

Soden Announces His Price.

If A. G. Spaulding wants the Boston Baseball club, its good will or its support, he can have it by paying \$250,000. This is in brief the substance of a statement made by A. H. Soden. He is willing to sell, providing he can get what he thinks right.

Promising Young Player.

Sherman Kennedy, the young short-stop signed to play with the Chicago National nine, comes well recommended. His home is in Ashtabula, O. Last



year he played with Nashville of the Southern league. He also played professionally at Bridgeport, Conn., and Newcastle, Pa., although still young. He is a pitcher as well as an infielder.

St. Louis Deal Begun In June.

President Johnson of the American league, in an interview, gave out the first definite information regarding the peace negotiations, which were stated by the much-discussed secret conference between himself and A. G. Spaulding at Atlantic City last June. The information discloses the fact that Spaulding was the one who sought the conference, with the view to bring about a compromise between the two major baseball organizations, and with it peace to baseball. The conference did cause a truce, which lasted about six weeks, but at the end of that time Spaulding found himself unable to get the authority to represent the National league, negotiations were called off and the American league resumed the signing of players and completed the invasion of St. Louis.

Southern League Champions.

Manager Fisher, of the Nashville Southern league baseball club, has got the kinks out of his running apparatus and is working to get everything in readiness for the opening of the season. He is arranging for several series of exhibition games, and has already secured dates with the Cleveland American leaguers for April 14, 15, 16, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. He will make arrangements for games with one or two other big league teams, will play a series with Vanderbilt, and with Evansville, and Terre Haute of the Three-I league.

Associated League Officials Meet.

The National Board of Arbitration held a meeting in New York recently. This is the governing body of the minor baseball leagues of America. Those present were P. T. Powers, president National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues; L. M. Sexton, president of the Three I's League; J. H. Farrell of the New York State league; J. H. O'Rourke of the Connecticut league, and T. H. Murnane of the New England league. Authority was given for the fixing of the salary limits of the league.

General Baseball News.

"Lefty" Davis is just recovering from an attack of pneumonia at Minneapolis.

"Dummy" Taylor has been teaching in a deaf-mute school at Morgantown, N. C., this winter.

Jimmy McAleer says he will show the fastest outfield in the American League this summer.

Manager Frank Selee is making bats down in Boston that his renovated remnants will beat out his old team next season.

The Indianapolis baseball club has signed Pitcher Frank Killen. Killen is well known, having played in several of the big National league clubs.

The All-Americans, who are in California, are spending most of their spare time in the bowling alleys, according to reports from the coast. "Big Larry" La Jole is said to lead the procession at this, as at the other game.

According to recent reports from St. Louis Frank De Haas Robinson is a partner with John T. Brush in the ownership of the Cincinnati Reds, as well as in the St. Louis National league club.

ACROBATS PRACTICE.

FAMOUS RESORT IN LONDON FOR STRANGE SPECIALISTS.

Men and Women Tumbling, Walking on Their Hands, and Contorting Their Bodies in a Gymnasts' School for Professionals—Some Specialties.

There are very few Londoners who know that down in the unsavory New cut, on the right hand side as one goes toward Waterloo road, is a little, shabby windowed coffee shop. Above the door is the legend—familiar enough hereabouts—"Beds sixpence a night." It is obviously a poor man's "hotel." Yet any weekday, from 10 to 11 in the morning up till 1 or 2 in the afternoon, the curious in such matters may observe passing in and out a never-ceasing stream of well-dressed and well-set-up men, clean shaven, spruce and alert, the very last sort of individuals one would imagine to patronize for its board or lodging an establishment such as this. Nor, as a matter of fact, do they do so. Follow any one of them and you will find that he passed straight through the little shop down a dark passage to emerge eventually into a lofty hall, around the wall of which are ranged all kinds of gymnastic apparatus. And on the floor, suspended from rings in mid-air, dangling from trapezes near the ceiling are men—and women—tumbling, flying, swinging, walking on their hands, standing on their heads, throwing somersaults by the score and twisting themselves into every conceivable contortion to which the human form divine is capable of lending itself. For this is a "professional" acrobats' practice room and its name and fame are known from end to end of Europe, and, indeed, all over the world wherever gymnasts and such like folk travel, and they travel far. They are largely foreigners, these people. Listen to the babel of tongues. Regard the various types. You little dark-eyed lassie, who is turning "catherine wheels" with such zest, in a Neapolitan and a debutante, apprenticed to a troupe by parents who were too poor to keep her. Like it? Ask her. She knows today, poor child, for almost the first time in her hitherto sad young life what it means to go to bed unhungry. Here is an Austrian lady training under Mr. Harry Ara. He has only been a few months with the troupe and already (he tells you proudly) he can turn forty "flips" without pausing for breath. A child woman, with black elf locks and a Jewish cast of countenance, is solemnly engaged in throwing her arms and legs about and around, now like the sails of a windmill, anon like the tentacles of some strange species of octopus. She is an Armenian, the sole survivor of her village, at the time it was raided by a band of Kurds early last winter. Of the inanimate things that are ranged round the walls, the most are not what they seem. A billiard table, for instance, which looks as solid as one of the best 80 guinea match ones, proves on investigation to be fitted with a dummy "bed" of green baize covered canvas, upon which the performer can fall headforemost, if need be, from almost any height without hurting himself. Originally one of the habits of the place, says the London Mail, this curiously situated practice hall was a "penny gaff" of the approved type. On the little stage at the back, blood and thunder melodramas were presented night after night to admiring audiences of boys and girls. For the better part of a couple of decades afterward the bare, gaunt hall, masked by the grimy coffee shop, remained closed and well-nigh forgotten until one day an enterprising "pro" acrobat in search of a place wherein to practice discovered it and made it known to his brother and sister "pros," since when it has taken on a new lease of life and prosperity. Every day acrobats pass in and out, bent upon learning new tricks which they have conceived, but which they are not as yet perfect in. The little room is in fact a training college, and it never lacks a full complement of adult pupils and learners. No public audience sees the tricks before they are presented on the stage, but critics in the shape of brother "pros" are plentiful.

With Apologies to the Shad.

A Washington newspaper correspondent relates that with the coming of spring the usual fever of that season asserted itself, and he took the opportunity of running into Virginia for a fishing trip. Becoming interested in a discussion of the merits of the various fish in the Virginia streams, he turned at length to the old negro boatman and said: "Uncle, don't you think yellow perch is altogether the best fish in the river?" "Yes, sah," replied the old man, "yaller perch am de bes' fish heah, always 'cusin' de white shad."—Youth's Companion.

That Settled It.

Brinkerhoff—I thought you intended to become a piano virtuoso. Beecroft—I did; but my barber says that I will be prematurely bald.—Brooklyn Eagle.



A Dilemma.

Room for a soldier? Lay him in the clover;

He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;

Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover;

Where the rain may rain upon it,

Where the sun may shine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tombs under city churches;

Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,

Where the whip-poor-will will mourn,

Where the owl perches;

Make his mound with sunshine on it,

Where the bee will dine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;

Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;

Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over;

Where the rain may rain upon it,

Where the sun may shine upon it,

Where the lamb hath lain upon it,

And the beg will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often

Out of those tender eyes which ever more did soften;

He never could look cold till we saw him in his coffin.

Make his mound with sunshine on it,

Where the wind may sigh upon it,

Where the moon may stream upon it,

And memory shall dream upon it.

"Captain" or "Colonel"—whatever in-vocation

Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station—

On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!

Long as the sun doth shine upon it,

Shall grow the goodly pine upon it,

Long as the stars do gleam upon it,

Shall memory come to dream upon it

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fewer the better, should be provided, with power to appoint sub-officers and canvassers. Allow them reasonable compensation; otherwise they cannot afford to devote themselves to the work. Get speakers here and there, canvass every county in the south, and, in my judgment, the \$500,000 would be in the bank within a year." Col. Andrews stated that he would prefer to leave the matter of location of the monument to the United Confederate Veterans, and that he had no suggestion to make in that respect.

Gen. Sherman Took Command.

Even when bent on showing appreciation, the manners of a crowd of hero worshippers may leave something to be desired, but if the hero of the occasion which has brought them together is a man accustomed to being obeyed the result may be a good story, like the one below, taken from Lippincott's Magazine. It was at a Grand Army encampment in a Western city, and Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman was the guest of honor. No sooner, however, had he reached the rooms reserved for him in the hotel than there was a crowd at the door. Some of the old soldiers were admitted, and many who were not old soldiers pushed their way in. The general made the best of things and undertook to shake hands with all. But this was not satisfactory to a few, who wanted to pass the time of day with the veteran, and incidentally to look him over as if he were a prize ox in a stock show. Finally the crowd in front of him became so dense that it blocked the way of others who were trying to get near him, and the whole line came to a standstill. Several persons tried to straighten the tangle, but without success. Then Gen. Sherman took command. "Salute and fall back!" he said in a tone impossible to disregard, at the same time extending his hand toward the gawking fellow nearest him, who took it rather sheepishly and speedily retired. "Salute and fall back!" repeated the general. In less than a minute the line was moving again, and the crowd melted rapidly away.

Senators Discuss Soldiers.

Filipinos' pay as soldiers in the United States army was the topic of a recent afternoon in the senate, and the discussion developed a number of sharp remarks and replies. For once, Senator Tillman, who usually attempts to take exception, interrupted to add force to the speaker's argument, and the man who had the floor was his old target, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, who warmly insisted that if Filipinos were accepted as soldiers of the United States army they should have the usual pay. "Filipinos," he said, "who fight for the American flag and against their fellow citizens who choose to show it no respect should get the same wage as the American who fights by his side." Getting leave to interrupt, after several attempts, Senator Tillman said: "I wish to strengthen the senator's position by asking those who favor paying the Filipino soldier in our army half-pay if they would carry that practice to its logical completion by granting the Filipinos half pensions?" Senator Hale said the danger of death from disease was five times as great to the American soldier in the Philippines as it would be to the Filipino regular. "Then the man who goes into battle," said Senator Spooner, concluding the debate on the point, "and takes his life in his hands ought not to receive as much for it as the other man who goes into battle and takes his life in his hands under the same flag, because one is acclimated and the other is not."

American Motives.

A soldier in the Philippines writes home that he has seen some strange sights, and gives the following instance. We borrow it from Golden Days: A crowd of soldiers attended a church service in their honor, and there was much praying and singing, but the soldiers were chiefly interested in looking at the image of a saint. Above the image was the picture of an eagle, and on the banner which streamed from the eagle's bill was the following legend: "The Old Reliable Condensed Milk." The saint had been decorated in honor of the visiting Americans, and the artist had copied the eagle and accompanying inscription from a milk can. He afterward explained that he thought it an American motto, as it was under the eagle.—Youth's Companion.

Credit to His State.

Virginia papers are hopeful that Gen. Fitzhugh Lee will soon be retired with pay sufficiently large to keep him from want for the remainder of his days. One of them says: "His poverty and honors reflect credit upon his state."